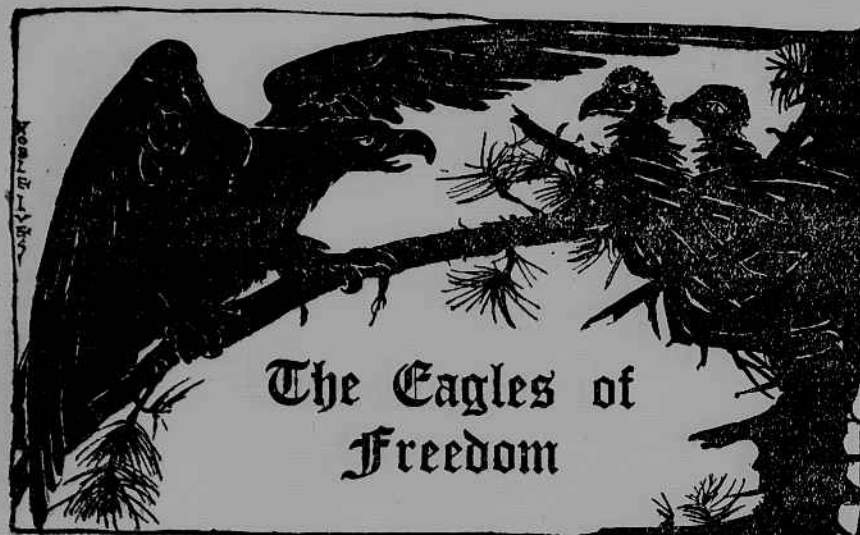


EVERY ITEM GUAR-
ANTEED TO MAKE
YOU WISER OR
MERRIER.

New York Tribune

First to Last—For Children—Fun, Facts and Fancies

WEATHER
Just right for pic-
nics and play, June
bugs and straw-
berries, vacations
all day.



The Eagles of Freedom

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I WISH I could leave the nest now, Mother Eagle," said Eddy Eagle.

"Yes, and me, too," said Eddy's sister, Edith.

"In just a little while," said Mother Eagle. "Remember, young eagles, that you only came into this world a short time ago. Remember that when you were hatched, four weeks after I had laid the dull white eggs, you were nothing but little creatures, who couldn't fly at all.

"But as I laid my two fine eggs in February and did not wait until the early part of March, as some mother eagles do, you will be allowed to leave the nest early in July."

"Oh, Mother Eagle," said Eddy, "I wish I were a full grown eagle. I do, indeed."

"And I wish so, too, said Edith Eagle.

"How long will it be, mother," continued Eddy, "before I have a white head and neck and tail? I am such a dull, brownish color."

"Patience, Eddy, patience," said Mother Eagle. "Toward the end of the second year you will show signs of the white appearing under your tail. But you must reach your third birthday to be a full grown Bald Eagle with the white head."

"It takes a long time to do things," Eddy said to himself. And his mother laughed, a great, noisy, harsh and broken laugh. "He thinks he has discovered something new," she said to herself.

"As it will take years for us to be grown up and as we are still only your little eagles, won't you tell us a story, Mother Eagle?" urged Eddy.

"Yes, I will tell you a story," said Mother Eagle. "And gladly, for it is a story I am very proud of telling. It's a story no other bird, nor any animal, nor any fish can tell. Only a Bald Eagle can tell this story."

The two eagles sat by their mother in the nest high, high up in a great pine tree. Their mother and father had had the same nest for a number of years.

"Our cousins, the Golden Eagles," commenced Mother Eagle, "are larger than we are. They are very superior and fine in every way, but I am not surprised they weren't given this honor. They aren't as sociable as we are. They don't go to so many places

as we do—lakes and ponds and rivers and seaside places. They don't fly over so many people, but keep to the mountains, as a rule.

"Now we are the birds chosen by the United States to be the national emblem of the country. Yes, over these rivers and ponds and streams and lakes, over the land and the trees and the people, we will fly and know that we are the birds of this country.

"It isn't that we are so wonderful or so unusual. No, the Golden Eagles are larger and more beautiful, but that isn't what the country wants. They want to have as an emblem a bird who flies far, who doesn't just live in one little part of the land.

"But, little eagles, here is another great secret. We are famous for our wonderful eyesight. And so this country, which always looks for the light and the truth and the right, has chosen us, too, because we are birds with clear, strong, true eyesight.

"And we're birds of the air. We're great, free eagles, and as we perch in our high trees or as we fly over the water or the hills, we are as gloriously, wonderfully free as any creatures under the sun.

"And these people are free! So they've chosen us mostly for that great reason—that we are as they are and always will be—free!"

Then the little eagles, calling in high voices of their pride and joy, flew off from the nest for the first time on what was really the Fourth of July!

